THERE IS A GLORIOUS BANNER.

The following verses are by Captain E. Butler, Fifth U. S. Infantry, at Fort Keogh, Montana, and are an excellent contribution to our patriotic songs:

There is a glorious banner—
I've seen it float in pride
Above the broad Missouri
And o'er old Hudson's tide.
I've seen it gaily waving
In Venice by the sea;
In England's pleasant waters—
On Clyde and on the Lee.
In England's pleasant waters, &c.

Where'er that flag is floating—
From Plata to the Nore—
From Norway's frozen limits,
To Fuego's distant shore—
The eye of Toil is lifted
In Love and Hope to see,
The banner of our Fathers—
The Standard of the Free!
The banner of, &c.

Oh! may that banner ever
In growing glory wave!—
A sign of Hope to Nations—
Of Freedom to the Slave!
And when our eyes are closing
May our last vision be
That banner of our Fathers
Still floating o'er the Free!
That banner of, &c.

[*Army and Navy Journal.*

COLE THE PIRATE.

HIS ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE THE MICHIGAN

From the Philadelphia Press.

VI.

"How did the Federal authorities get information of your designs?"

"A Colonel Johnson, of Kentucky, betrayed us. As near as I have been able to ascertain, after careful inquiry, he dropped upon the wharf a paper containing the information of our purposes just as we were leaving Malden on the morning of the 19th of September. It was picked up and I believe the facts were communicated to the provost marshal at Detroit. He telegraphed to the officer of the steamer Michigan, but the dispatch was by accident delivered to the commanding officer on Johnson's Island. It was merely by chance that the message reached the boat in time to save her from capture and to upset our plans."

"What became of Colonel Johnson?"

"He cut his throat at the barracks, in Cincinnati, while being held as a witness for the Federal Government against me. What his motives were for betraying us no one has been able to say. He took his life before that fact could be ascertained from his own lips, either privately or upon the witness stand. A clear case of remorse."

"You speak of men hired in New York and Philadelphia for service on the lakes."

"Yes, we had a number of men from both cities. I spent three weeks in Philadelphia between my arrival in Canada and my attack upon the Michigan. I went there first in June, 1864, established headquarters at Twelfth and Chestnut streets, in the Girard Building or old Cadwalader House, as I believe it was called. We also had another rendezvous on Fifth street between Chestnut and Walnut, where a man was ostensibly recruiting an artillery company for the United States service. It was here that most of our men for the capture of the Michigan were hired. They were paid $40 a month and expenses. The money was drawn from Drexel's bank to meet the current expenses of these agencies and to pay the men. We had quite a number of sympathizers in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, but it would do no good to the truth of history to mention their names, and it would no doubt be both distasteful and damaging to them.

"We used to meet very frequently at Comodore Lavellette's, although he knew nothing of our secrets. Albert Lavellette, his nephew, was with us, so was George Duvall, who afterwards moved to Burlington, N. J., where he has since died.

"I do not recall the names of any of the men in Philadelphia who enlisted in our service, although I have them all among my papers at home. None of them were men who would impress themselves upon you any way. They were of that class which would aid any cause for money.

VII.

"I never made the personal acquaintance of any man whom we hired in Pennsylvania, but I did of many persons who sympathized with us and did what they could to aid our cause."

"In the preceeding lines the name of Annie Davis is frequently mentioned. It is not her real name, but the one by which she was known while in the United States, and to the Federal authorities after her capture, while she was on trial for the important part she played in the act above recited.

"She was a woman possessing rare qualities of mind and attributes of person to fit her for a position in any secret service. She was of medium height and well proportioned frame. Her eyes were coal black, and ever on the alert. The extreme composure of the rest of her features, however, relieved them from anything like nervousness. Her hair was black and cut short at the neck, that she might at will assume a man's disguise. Her manner was easy and apparently unassumed. Did she personate twenty characters in succession in each she would have passed current as genuine coin. Her powers of adaptability were simply marvelous. She was a British subject. On the breaking out of the war, she became a warm sympathizer with the Southern cause, and was so earnest in her desire to aid it that her enthusiasm upon this subject amounted almost to frenzy. She made several applications to Mr. Jake Thompson, the representative of the confederate government in Canada, for a position in the secret service of the South, and after repeated refusals he finally sent her to Major Cole.

Cole distrusted her at first, and for a time used her only as a courier or messenger between himself and Mr. Thompson. These errands she always performed with speed and accuracy, and by degrees she rose in the estimation of her employer, until he finally spoke of her as "one of the most marvelous women I ever met. None of those employed by the confederate service ever approached her in the combined qualities of bravery and judgment. By her courage, caution, and the promptness with which she was able to meet any emergency, she several times saved me from trouble," said Major Cole, in speaking of his assistant.

From another source I heard much of the history of this woman's connection with the confederate government, and especially with the conspiracy for the capture of the Michigan.

It was some time in June of '64, that she was sent from Sandusky to Richmond with confederate dispatches in relation to movements on Lake Erie. It was the first hazardous and important service to which she had been assigned. Major Cole was to meet her in Washington on her return from Richmond. He joined her there and the two came to New York together, and stopped at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

Major Rollins, of New Hampshire, and his wife, with another Federal officer and his wife were also stopping there. Miss Davis saw the ladies in the hotel parlor. The three immediately recognized each other as old schoolmates, who had been educated at the same convent. There were mutual greetings of pleasure and a renewal of old schoolday associations. She introduced Major Cole as her cousin from Pennsylvania. After a social chat he went into the rotunda of the hotel, where a gentleman approached him and said:

"I should like to see you a moment at the door," as he spoke leading the way out of the crowded corridors. On the pavement waited a detachment of soldiers, and the officer, touching him upon the shoulder, said:

"Sir, you are my prisoner." They took him to the provost-marshal, who ordered him to be searched, and informed him that he was arrested as a confederate spy.

They found nothing about him but dispatches and letters concerning the Mount Hope Oil Company; nevertheless, he was consigned to a cell to await further developements. Here he lay upon the floor with his coat for a pillow three or four hours, all the time harboring in his mind the belief that his female accomplice had finally betrayed him. The result demonstrated how unjust his suspicions were, for it was her subtle wit that secured his release.

Missing him for some time she made inquiry through the husbands of her friends where he was. They ascertained that he had been arrested by the provost guard and denied the liberty of communicating with any one. She divined the cause and promptly matured a plan to secure his release. She at once laid siege to the hearts of her old schoolmates, the wives of the Federal officers, by taking them aside and confidentially saying:

"Oh, he is not my cousin, he is not my cousin! He is my husband. Father was opposed to my marrying an American. His English predjudices so rebelled against it that we were forced to elope. He is not a confederate spy, he is an oil operator at Titusville, Pa., and lives at Sandusky."

Her tears and entreaties enlisted the sympathies of the Federal officers' wives, who soon commanded the influence and co-operation of their husbands in obtaining his freedom.

The officers took a carriage, and went to General Dix's headquarters. Learning that he was indisposed at his private residence, they drove there and promptly secured an order for the release of the husband of their wives' friend, as they supposed. With it they went to the prison, and the confederate soldier was promptly set free. The three entered the carriage and rapidly returned to the hotel, the Federal officers all the way poking fun at Cole for being taken for a "Johnny Reb," and chiding him for not being frank in the first instance and telling them that it was a runaway match, and so save all this trouble. Cole was at a loss to know what they meant by runaway match, but he in no way betrayed the fact.

When they reached the hotel Annie Davis was waiting with the Federal officers' wives in the parlor, apparently in great distress. As Cole entered she ran and threw her arms around his neck, enclaiming between her sobs:

"My dear, dear husband."

Her exclamations of joy and affection, mingled with her tears, caused her considerate friends to withdraw.

When they were alone and it was safe, Cole quickly turned to her and said:

"Annie, what does this mean?"

"It was my only plan to secure your release, and it has been successful. You are now free and we are safe."

"But you are not my wife."

"Ah! but I shall be the first day we tread the deck of the Michigan together."

"That's a thousand times true if we both live to see that day," replied Cole.

After these explanations and avowals, Cole and Miss Davis joined their friends, and the evening was spent in pleasure. The next day they left to continue their operations on the lake.

In the opening scene of this narrative, which is less than three months after the circumstance just narrated, the man thus released by a woman's strategy stood again a prisoner before General John A. Dix, upon the deck of the Steamer Michigan.

VIII.

A recitation of these few facts in one of the greatest conspiracies that ever characterized the conduct of modern war, calls up many circumstances fully as thrilling, if not so important, as those above related. The records of the War Department show that Cole was tried at Cincinnati, by military court, of which General Heintzelman was president, and convicted as a pirate and a spy. He was sentenced to be hung on the 16th of February, 1865, on Johnson's Island, the point against which he had directed his best efforts as a confederate officer. He was also tried for murder in the United States District Court for the northern district of Ohio. He remained on Johnson's Island waiting his execution. During that time Annie Davis was tried in the United States District Court, upon a charge of having violated the Webster-Ashburton treaty, in serving as a confederate spy. She was not convicted, and still lives. She visited Cole while awaiting his execution, and asked him what was to be her future.

"I hope to see you married before I am hung," replied the man to whom she had pledged her life's devotion at the St. Nicholas Hotel in New York.

She soon afterward wedded the man who succeeded Major Cole as secretary of the Mount Hope Oil Company—the enterprise which had served as a cloak for confederate operations upon the lakes. Cole made two desperate attempts to escape while confined on Johnson's Island, and it was finally decided to remove him to Fort Lafayette. Legal proceedings had delayed his execution and a petition was gotten up by the ladies of Northern Ohio, among whom were the niece of ex-Secretary Columbus Delano, and the daughter of General M. D. Leggett, since Commissioner of Patents, and softened the public feeling. The two ladies named were passengers on the Island Queen when Cole captured her, and were not only protected but shown perfect courtesy by him and his officers. The influence of this petition, added to the appeal of the powerful friends of the officers held in Richmond as hostages for him, secured a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment for life at the Dry Tortugas. His attempts to escape while confined on Johnson's Island admonished the authorities that he had better be removed to a more secure place. Arrangements were, therefore, made to transfer him to Fort Lafayette.

By some magic the confederate authorities in Canada were kept informed of the intentions of our Government in relation to him, and the officers and men who were engaged with him in the capture of the Parsons and the Island Queen, for which he had been sentenced to death, formed a plan to rescue him if he should be removed. Beale, who had been his principal officer in his later operations on Lake Erie, was the leader of the movement. The arrangement was, that his former associates were to wreck the train on the Lake Shore road, somewhere belween Sandusky and Buffalo, and rescue him. They wrecked the train, but it was the wrong one, and he was safely landed in Fort Lafayette, where, for a long time, he was the companion in the same case-mate cell with Stephen Mallory, secretary of the treasury, and George R. Davis, attorney general of the confederacy.

Beale was captured, tried, and sentenced to be hung for his endeavor to rescue his friend. He suffered the death penalty at Johnson's Island, while, as the sequel shows, his friend, first sentenced to death and for whom he gave his life, escaped all punishment.

It is claimed by those who profess to know, that the execution of Beale caused the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. J. H. Beale was from Jefferson county, W. Va., but a short distance above Washington, where many of his relatives now live. He was the intimate friend of John Wilkes Booth.

When Beale was sentenced to death Booth made a powerful attempt to save his life. He enlisted all the eminent men he possibly could to aid him in his efforts, but there seemed no hope of success. As a last resort he begged his influential friends to secure him an audience with President Lincoln. Quite a number of them consented to do so, among whom was the late Colonel John W. Forney. The audience was granted a short time before Beale was to be hung, and Booth made a plea for his life which moved Mr. Lincoln to tears. The good-hearted President would doubtless have commuted Beale's sentence after the occurrence of that night, but Secretary Stanton said:

"There has been too much leniency in dealing with these fellows—Cole's sentence has been commuted. The law ought to take its course in Beale's case." It did, and Beale was hung. Booth's failure to save the life of his friend is said to have so preyed upon his mind that it gradually worked him up to the point of assassinating the President. Cole remained in prison at Fort Lafayette, and, after making one ineffectual attempt to escape, was, on the 10th day of February, 1866, brought out of prison on a writ of habeas corpus issued by the District Court of New York at the instance of Jake Thompson and other confederate leaders. He escaped to Canada and thence to Mexico, where he led a life of adventure under Maximillian. He was finally pardoned by the President, and returned to the United States with several prominent confederates who were in Mexico for a time after the war, waiting executive clemency.

It is strange that such a story as this can be gathered from actual events which transpired during the late rebellion; yet how many there are of them coming to light every day! Books seem only to record the dry details of great events, newspapers are the purveyors of that which is the interesting history.

GRANT ALL OVER.

The following is told of General Grant:

A visitor to the army while it lay in the vicinity of the Wilderness early in 1864 called upon him one morning and found the General sitting in his tent smoking and talking to one of his staff officers. The gentleman approached the chieftain, and, after some desultory conversation, inquired: "General, if you flank Lee and get between him and Richmond, will you not uncover Washington and leave it a prey to the enemy?" Grant discharged a cloud of smoke from his mouth and indifferently replied: "Yes, I reckon so." Encouraged by a reply, the inquisitor propounded question No. 2: "General, do you not think that Lee can detach a sufficient force from his army to reinforce Beauregard and overwhelm Butler?" "Not a doubt of it," replied the General. Emboldened by his success the interviewer propounded question No. 3, as follows: "General, is there not danger that Johnston may come up and reinforce Lee, so that the latter will swing round and cut off your communications and seize upon your supplies?" "Very likely," was the cool reply of the "Silent Man," as he knocked the ashes from the end of his cigar. Horrified at the awful fate about to befall General Grant and his army, the visitor retired and hastened to Washington to advise the Government what to do to avert the threatened calamity.

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL BUFORD.

Major-General John Buford, the Union cavalry leader, than whom probably no commander was more devotedly loved by those around him, was offered a major-general's commission in the rebel army when in Utah. He crushed the communication in his hand, and declared that he would live and die under the Old Flag.

A few hours before his death, and while suffering from delirium, he soundly scolded his negro servant; but recovering himself temporarily, he called the negro to his bedside and said to him: "Edward, I hear I have been scolding you. I did not know what I was saying. You have been a faithful servant, Edward."

The poor negro sat down and wept as though his heart was broken. When General Buford received his commission as major-general he exclaimed: "Now I wish that I could live." His last intelligible words, uttered in an attack of delirium, were: "Put guards on all the roads, and don't let the men run back to the rear." This was an illustration of the ruling passion strong in death, for no trait in the General's character was more conspicuous than his dislike to see men skulking or hanging on the rear.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL WADSWORTH.

After the death of General James S. Wadsworth, Paymaster W. B. Rochester, recently appointed to be Paymaster-General, related the following anecdote of the deceased hero:

"I always paid him from his entry into the service," said the Paymaster, and when the General called on me for money previous to his starting to the Mississippi Valley, on a special mission connected with the arming and organization of the slaves of that region, I casually remarked to him that when he got to New Orleans he would find there Major Vedder, to whom I would recommend him as a gentlemanly officer to apply for any moneys he might need. "No, sir," said General Wadsworth, "I shall not apply to Major Vedder. While I am in the service I shall be paid only by you, and my reason for that is, that I wish my account with the Government to be kept with one paymaster only; for it is my purpose at the close of the war to call on you for an accurate statement of all money I have received from the United States. The amount, whatever it is, I shall give to some permanent institution founded for the relief of disabled soldiers. This is the least invidious way in which I can refuse pay for fighting for my country in the hour of danger."

THE KIND OF MAN HE WAS.

The following explains itself:

"HDQRS. DEPT. OF THE CUMBERLAND,
"MURFREESBORO, TENN., *March* 6, 1863.

"Major-General W. H. HALLECK,
"General-in-Chief, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

"GENERAL: Yours of the first instant, announcing the offer of a vacant Major-Generalship to the General in the field who first wins an important victory, is received.

"As an officer and a citizen, I feel degraded at such an auctioneering of honor. Have we a general who would fight for his own personal benefit, when he would not for honor and country? He will come by his commission basely in that case, and deserves to be despised by men of honor. But are all the brave and honorable generals on an equality as to chances? If not, it is unjust to those who probably deserve most.

(Signed,) W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General."

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.

During the civil war there was, rightly or wrongly, a lamentable prejudice against brevet rank and brigadier-generals. Lincoln's estimate of the comparative value of the brigadiers gobbled up by a confederate raider—the army mule was affectionately known as a "brevet horse"—is known to most readers; but there is another story, scarcely less complimentary and much less familiar.

According to the anonymous libeller, during an active engagement, a colonel, while bravely leading on his men, received a terrible blow on the head from the fragment of a shell, which completely exposed the brain. He was carried to the rear and entrusted to the care of a surgeon, who at once resolved upon heroic treatment, and removed the brain bodily to repair the lacerations. While he was absorbed in this delicate operation, an aid-de-camp, unconscious of the officers wounds, rode up with the message that Colonel Blank was wanted immediately at headquarters. Mechanically, like the brainless pigeon in the interesting surgical experiment, the gallant officer clambered into the saddle and rode away, and when the surgeon—having completed the rearrangement of the wounded organ—returned to place it in position, he was astonished to find the patient missing. At that moment his attention was attracted by the sound of galloping hoofs, and, looking round, his surprise was intensified by beholding the colonel riding to the front, as gaily as if nothing had happened.

"Hi, colonel! ho, colonel!" shouted the surgeon, pursuing him. "Stop. You're forgetting about your brains!"

"Never mind about them," roared the hero, clapping spurs to his horse. "I don't want them—I've just been brevetted brigadier-general."

The New York correspondent of the Syracuse *Journal* tells this pretty little story:

A pretty and pathetic incident has been related to me of a little fellow from one of our charitable institutions who was being taken to a New Jersey farm, by an agent, the owners of the farm having had the boy "bound" to them for a term of years. The agent noticed that the boy kept placing his right hand inside of his jacket on the left side, and occasionally would fertively peep within with a tender look. At last he said, "What have you got in there, my little friend?" "Oh, nothing, sir," he replied, "only a bit of my mother's dress, which I've sewed in my coat; it was the dress she had on when she died, and now it kind o' comforts me to touch it.

An old soldier named Edward Kennan died a week or two ago in Pittsburgh, and five days after his death a long-delayed pension, dating from March 18, 1863, was granted to him. He left no heirs, and this accumulation of 19 years will remain in the United States Treasury.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

A romantic story is told of one of the foremost soldiers of Mexico. When the French sought to establish a monarchy in Mexico, a Mazatlan youth raised a regiment of boys and waged against such of the invaders as appeared in Sinaloa a warfare that told. The young man's father was of Castilian blood and his mother was a Mexican. His name, Corona, soon became famous, and at the age of twenty-five he was regarded as the Mosby of Mexico. At the end of the war he was a major-general, the hero of the soldiers and the idol of Mazatlan society. He was six feet tall, broad-shouldered, handsome, and daring. While attending a ball at the American Hotel in Mazatlan, he stumbled over a domestic, knocking a tray from her hand. Stooping to pick up the crockery, General Corona noticed that the girl was very pretty and very saucy. She told him that her name was Betty Bowmann; that her mother was a San Francisco washerwoman, and that he ought to know better than to rush so headlong down a dark stairway. Corona made love to the American miss and before leaving for the capital he had learned of her irreproachable though very humble life. Once away, Betty's face and pert ways haunted him so much that he wrote to her, arranging for marriage by proxy. He remained in Mazatlan; the bride went to a convent school. They were a thousand miles apart and wrote to each other daily, the husband constantly instructing the wife in polite ways. President Juarez, fearing that Corona's popularity would lead the people to give their vote to the young soldier at an election then approaching, concluded to send him as Minister to Madrid, the most enviable diplomatic position in the eyes of all Mexicans. General Corona took the washerwoman's daughter to his palace in Madrid and she now is regarded as the most brilliant and accomplished lady at the Court of Spain.

NEGRO SUPERSTITION.

During the civil war in this country, while a company of soldiers was encamped in East Tennessee, a revolver was stolen from the cabin of the captain. The thief was supposed to be one of three negroes who waited on the officers.

After a ffuitless investigation, an old man whom the soldiers called "Zeb" said he thought he could discover the rogue, if the captain would allow him to use such measures as he thought best.

Permission was granted, and the following evening the three negroes were brought together in the captain's cabin.

Zeb soon came in, with a large camp kettle and an old rooster. He placed the rooster on the table, and over it set the camp kettle, upside down. He then gave the negroes a little talk, and told them that they must march three times around the table, and touch the kettle the third time they went round it. Then if the thief was among them and touched the kettle, the rooster would crow.

The lights were put out, and Zeb marched the negroes round with as little noise as possible in the darkness. On the third round he ordered them to touch the kettle. Then suddenly marching them to a corner, he relighted the lamp, saying at the same time:

"Well, the old rooster has not crowed, but now I want each of you to show your hands."

On the hands of two of the negroes soot was seen, but not a particle on the hand of the third.

"Here's the rogue!" exclaimed Zeb, laying hold of the sootless negro. "If he'd touched that kettle the old rooster would have crowed, sure."

Old Zeb showed by his lying that he had as little principle as the thief, but the negro had been caught by his superstition, which prevented him from touching the kettle, and he confessed the theft and restored the revolver.—*Youth's Companion.*

ENROUGHTY-DARBY.

The death, near Malvern Hill, Va., of Nathan Enroughty is likely to revive the question, often discussed but never satisfactorily answered, why the name of a numerous family should have been, for at least a century, universally spelled Enroughty and universally pronounced Darby. The members of the family themselves follow this strange perversion, always writing their name one way and pronouncing it the other, but can give no explanation of its origin.—*Transcript, 27th.*

To the Editor of the Transcript:

Some ten ago years, at Palermo, in Sicily, I happened to find myself seated at the table d'hote beside the late bishop of Gibraltar. He was much interested in strange surnames, spoke of Mr. Bowditch's book, and of many curious English pronunciations differing widely from the orthography of the names. I told him in return of the above example, which he pronounced quite unique; but, after a moment, he added, "Queerly enough, I happen to be able to tell you something about your Enroughty-Darbys, which, although not really an explanation of the mystery, yet throws a side light on it. My wife came from county Clare; and I know that several generations since, some families who wrote their names Enright or Enraght, indifferently, emigrated to the States. They belonged to the religious sect called Darbyites; and people often called after them in the streets, 'Go along, you old Darby.' This seems like one step towards solving the queerest case of mispronunciation of a name which I ever met with." B. W.—*Boston Transcript.*

Gen. Rial Niles, whose sickness in Philadelphia in poverty and want is announced, entered the war in the Ninth Indiana regiment and was wounded at Laurel Hill, Winchester, Pittsburg Landing and Chickamauga, and at the end of the war he was retired with the rank of brevet major general. He went into business in Chicago, and all his property was swept away by the great fire. For a time he was a clergyman, but an old wound and failing health prevented his success. Latterly he was obliged to make a living for himself and family by selling little articles which he had patented.

During the first year of the war a soldier writing home to his friends from Washington said: "I have grown two feet in two days, prefer gunpowder to butter on my bread, and have arranged to sleep forever hereafter in a cannon." Such talk don't last long.